(Synopais of Previous Chapters.)

Sanford Quest, master oriminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice Macdougal, the murderer of Lord Ashelish's daughter, he has but just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master oriminal. In a hidean hut Professor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an anthropoid ape skeleton and a living inhuman creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In his rooms have appeared from nowhere black boxes containing surcastic, threatening notes, signed by a pair of armless hands. Laura and Lenora, his assistants, suspect Craig, the professor's servant, of a double murder. The black boxes continue to appear in uncanny fashion. Craig is trapped by Quest, but escapes to Engisnd, where Quest, Lenora and the professor follow him. Lord Ashleigh is murdered by the Hands. Lenora is abducted in London and rescued. Craig is captured and escapes to Port Said, where Quest and his party also go, and beyond into the desert. They are captured by Mongars, escape with Craig as their captive, turn him over to Inspector French in a train wreck and is chased by the party across the Mexican line. (Synopsis of Previous Chapters.)

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT.

Tongues of Flame. CHAPTER XXVIII.

ROM the shadows of the trees or

the farther side of the river, Craig, with strained eyes, watched Quest's struggle. saw him reach Lenora, watched him struggle to the bank with her, waited until he had lifted her on to his horse. Then he turned slowly around and faced the one country in the world where freedom was still possible for him. He looked into the wall of darkness, penetrated only at one spot by a little blaze of light. Slowly, with his arm through the bridle of his horse, he limped toward it. As he drew nearer and discovered its source, he hesitated. The light came through the uncurtained windows of a saloon, three long, yellow shafts illuminating the stunted shrubs and sandy places. Craig kept in the shadow between them and drew a little nearer. From inside he sould hear the thumping of a worn piano, the twanging of a guitar, the rattle of glasses, the uproarious shouting of men, the shrill laugister of women. The tired man and the lame horse stole reluctantly a little nearer. him reach Lenora, watched him

ing of men, the shrill laughter of women. The tired man and the lame horse stole reluctantly a little nearer. Oraig listened once more wearily. It was home he longed for so much—and fest. The very thought of the place slekened him. Even when he reached the door, he hesitated, and inajead of entering stood back amongst the shadows. If only he could find any other sort of shelter!

Inside, the scene was ordinary enough. There was a long bar, against which were lounging half a dozen typical Mexican cowpunchers. There was a small space cleared for dancifg, at the farther end of which two lyrformers were making weird but yehement music. Three girls were dancing with cowboys, not ungracefully considering the state of the floor and the frequent discords in the music. One of them—the prettiest—stopped abruptly and pushed her partner away from her.

"You have drunk too much, Jose!"

from her.

"You have drunk too much. Jose!"
she exclaimed. "You cannot dance. You tread on my feet and you lean against me. I do not like it. I will dance with you another night when you are sober.

Go away, please."

Her caveller awayed for a moment

Go away, please."

Her cavalier swayed for a moment on his feet. Then he looked down upon her with an evil glitter in his eyes. He was tall and thin, with a black mustache and yellow, unpleasant looking

recth.

"So you will not dance any longer with Jose?" he muttered. "Very well, you shall drink with him, then. We will sit together at one of those little tables. Listen, you shall drink wine with you. All that I wish is to be left alone, the girl insisted, curtly. "Go and play cards, if you want to. There is Pietro over there, and Diego. Perhaps you may win some money. They say that drunkards have all the luck.

Jose leered at ter.

"Look here." he said to Laura, "I so can't stand this any longer. It don't ye seem right to have two officers of the law treated like that, anyway. I guess I'll have to butt in again."

"Don't." Laura advised bluntly "Don't." Laura advised bluntly "They will be the the luck."

Jose leared at her.

"Presently I will play cards," he said.
"Presently I will win all their money and I will buy jewelry for you Marta—stones that look like diamonds and will sparkle in your neck and in your hair."

She turned disdainfully away.
"I do not want your jewelry, Jose," the declared.

"I do not want your jeweiry, Jose,"
she declared.

He caught her suddenly by the wrist.
"Perhaps this is what you want," he
tried, as he stooped down to kiss her.

The swung her right rand round sud
struck him on the face. He staggered
back for a moment. There was a red
wash which showed through the tan of
his cheek. Then he drew a little nearer
to her, and before she could escape
had passed his long ser, tround her
body. To drew her to the chair placed
by the side of the well. The left hand
played with the knife at his belt.
"Marta, little sweetheart," he said,
mockingly, "you must pay for that
blow. "Don't be afraid," he went on,
as he drew the knife across his leather
breeches. "A little scratch across your
oheek, so! It is but the brand of your
master, a love token from Jose. Steady,
how, little Maverick!"

The girl struggled violently, but Jose

The girl struggled violently, but Jose was strong; such brawls were common and those of the company who noticed at all, merely laughed at the girl's futile struggles. Jose's arm was already raised with the knife in his hand, when sudden blow brought a veil of pain raised with the knife in his hand, when a sudden blow brought a yell of pain to his lips. The knife fell clattering to the floor. He sprong up, his eyes red with fury. A man had entered the door from behind and was standing within a few feet of him, a man with a long, pale face, dark eyes, travelstained and with the air of a fugitive. A flood of incoherent abuse streamed from Jose's lips. He stooped for the knife. Marta threw herself upon him. The two cowboys who had been dancing suddenly intervened. The girl screamed. "It was Jose's fault" she cried. "Jose was mad. He would have killed me!" was mad. He would have killed me!"
Craig faced them all with sudden

"As I came in," he explained, "that man had his knife raised to stab the girl. You don't allow that sort of thing do you, here?" The two cowboys linked their arms through Jose's and led him off toward

"The stranger's right, Jose," one of them insisted. "You can't carve a girl up in company."

The girl clutched at Craig's arm,
"Sit down here, please," she begged.
"Wait."
Sha disappropriate toward.

She disappeared for a moment and

She disappeared for a moment and came back with a glass full of wine, which she set down on the table. "Drink this," she invited. "And thank you for saving me." Craig emptied the glass eagerly. He was beginning to be more than a little conscious of his fatigue.
"I just happened to be the first to see him." he said. "They aren't quite wild enough to allow that here, are they?"

"Quien sabe? The girls do not like me! The men do not care," she de-clared "Jose took me by surprise, though, or I would have killed him. But who are you, and where did you come from?"

trouble. Wherever I go there is trouble. I have been round the world looking for peace. I shall never find it in this world.

Her eyes filled with tears. There was something hopeleesily pathetic, in his appearance.

Back in the camp, a spirit of deviltry had entered once more into Long Jim and his mates. A tactless remark on the part of one of the deputies had set alight once more the smoldering fire of resentment which the cowboys had sall the time felt against them. At a word from Long Jim they were a was now from Long Jim they were taken by surprise and again tied to the wagon.

"These guys ain't got a sufficiency yet, boys. Limber up them guns again."

"These suys ain't got a sufficiency yet, boys. Limber up them guns again."

"The was to make up your minds to. We are here in call to leave here unless you want to. Those deputies don't go this side to. Those was that I seek a face in the door and the cuestion was that I seek a face in the door or more."

The guest smiled.

"The sum of the declared, "that the face was it have lead a him. Her face was that I seek a face in the d Back in the camp, a spirit of deviltry had entered once more into Long Jim and his mates. A tactless remark on the part of one of the deputies had set alight once more the smoldering fire of resentment which the cowboys had all the time felt against them. At a word from Long Jim they were taken by surprise and again tied to the wagon.

The inspector yawned.
"This open-air life makes me sleepy."

he confessed,
"To bed, all of us," Quest concluded,

CHAPTER XXX.

UEST awoke the next morning. stretched out his hand and glanced at the watch by the side of the bed. It was barely o'clock. He turned over and dozed again, looked again at 6:30, and finally. at a few minutes to 7, rose and made a hasty toilet. Then, in the act of placing his watch in his waistcoat pocket, he save a sudden start. By its side, half covered by the handkerchief which he had thrown upon the little table, stood a small black box! For a moment he was motionless. Then he stretched out his hand, removed the lid and drew out the usual neatly folded piece of paper:
"Even time fights you. It loses that you may lose.—The Hands."

Quest for a moment was pussed. Then he hurried into the next tent, where the professor was sleeping peace-"Say, professor, what's the time by your watch?" Quest asked, shaking him

The professor sat up and drew his chronometer from under his pillow.

"Seven o'clock," he replied; "five minutes past, maybe."

question for a guest," he remarked.
"but if you want to know, our new
Chinese cookie is there."

I'm sure we are uncommonly obliged to you, Jim. The only reason I asked the question was that I saw a face in the door there and it gave me a start. For a moment I thought it was Craig back again."

"He's gone to New York, or going tomorrow morning." Jim replied. "I don't think he's so powerful fond of your company that he'd come round here looking for it."

Quest strolled off again and glanced at his watch as he rejoined the little group.

"Fifty dollars for you, then." Quest or you."

"Fifty dollars for you, then." Quest or you."

would come in kind of nandy. Yes, I recken I can cut off a mile or two for you."

"Fifty dollars for you, then," Quest replied, as they hurried toward the horses, "and an extra ten if we make the train."

They gallowed off into the distance. The cowboys finished their breakfast and went off to their work. Laura stole out from her tent and started off in rather a shamefaced manner for a walk. Presently Lenora opened her eyes. She too, stretched out her hand for her watch. Suddenly she sat up in bad with a little exclamation. On the table by her side was a small black box. She took off the lid with trembling fingers, drew out scrap of paper and read:
"Fools! Tongues of flame will cross Quest's path. He will never reach the depot alive."

Lenora glanced at Laura's empty bed. Then she staggered to the opening of the tent.
"Laura!" she cried.

bed. Then she staggered to the opening of the tent.
"Laura!" she cried.
There was no one there. The cowboys had all gone to their work. Laura
had passed out of sight across the
bridge in the distance. Lenora staggered to the cook wagon, where the
Chinese cook was sitting cleaning
plates. plates.
"Listen," she cried. "They are in

danger; the three men who have gone off to the depot! If you'll ride after them, I will give you a hundred dollars. Give them this," she added, hold-

lars. Give them this," she added, holding out the scrap of paper.

The Chinaman shook his head. He
glanced at the slip of paper indifferently and went on with his work.
"No can ride, missee," he said.

Lenora looked around helplessly. The
camp was empty She staggered across
toward her own horse
"Come and help me," she ordered.

The Chinaman came unwillingly. They
found her saddle, but he only gazed

"Seven o'clock," he replied; "five minutes past, maybe."

Quest nooded.
"That seems all right," he declared.
"That seems all right," he declared.
"I'll explain later, professor."
He hurried out into French's tent and found the inspector just drawing on his shoes.
"French, what's the time?" he demanded.
"Three minutes past seven, or thereabouts," French replied, yawning. "Tm coming right along. We've got lots of time. Three-quarters of an hour ought to do it, the boys say."

The Chinaman came unwillingly. They found her saddle, but he only gazed at it in a stolid sort of fashion.
"No can fix," he said. "Misses no can ride. Better go back bed."
Lenora pushed him on one side. With a great effort she managed to reach her place in the saddle. Then she ther face to the depot, galloped away. The pain was excruciating. She could only keep herself in the saddle with an effort. Yet all the time that one sentence was ringing in her head—"Tongues of fiame!" She kept looking around anxiously. Suddenly the road dropped coming right along. We've got lots of time. Three-quarters of an hour ought to do it, the boys say."

Quest held out the strip of paper.

"This gave me a turn," he said, quietly. "I found it in a black box by the side of my bed."

French gazed at it in a puzzled manner. They walked outside to the camp, where 'ee cowboys were finishing their breakfast.

"Say, boss," one of them called out, "you're not making that 8:30 train to New York?"

"Why not?" Quest asked quickly. "It's only three-quarters of an hour's ride isn't it?"

"Maybe not," the other replied, "but as it's eight now, your chances ain't looking lively. Kind of overslept, haven't you"

Both men glanced once more at their watches. Then Quest thrust his back with a little oath.

"Our watches have been set back!" he exclaimed. "The Hands again!"

For a moment they looked at one an-



"SHE CANNOT BE MOVED FOR WEEKS

"Don't." Laura advised bluntly.
"You'll get yours if you do."
A yell from one of the deputies clinched the matter. French drew his revolver and advanced into the center of the lit-tle group.

"Say, you fellows," he exclaimed,
"you've got to stop this! Those men
came here on a legitimate errand and
it's your duty to respect them." Long Jim stroiled up to the inspector. "Maybe you're right, Mr. French," he

With a swoop of his long arm he snatched French's gun away, examined it for a moment, looked at French and

"Look here, Long Jim, or whatever your name is," she protested, "you just call your crowd off and stop this. Undo those two deputies. A joke's a joke, but this has gone far enough. If you don't untie them. I will. Take your choice and get a move on." Long Jim scratched his chin for a moment.

"Waal." he said, "I guess that what the lady says goes. We ain't often fa-vored with ladies' society, boys, and I guess when we are we'd better do as we are told. Turn 'em loose, boys." They abandoned the sport a little reluctantly. Suddenly they all paused to listen. The sound of a horse's slow footfall was heard close at hand. Presently Quest appeared out of the shad-ows, carrying Lenora in his arms. Laura rushed forward.

"Lenora!" she cried. "Is she hurt?" Quest laid her tenderly upon the

"We had a spill at the bridge," he explained, quickly. "I don't know whether Craig loosened the supports. He got over all right, but it went down under Lenora, who was following, and I had to get her out of the river. Where's the professor?"

the professor?"

The professor came ambling down from the tent where he had been lying. He stooped at once over Lenora's still unconscious form.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "Dear me! Oome, come!"

He passed his hand over her side and made a brief examination.

"Four ribs broken," he pronounced.

"It will be a week at any rate, before we are able to move her. Nothing more serious, so far as I can see, Mr. Quest, but she'll need rest and all the comfort we can give her."

"Say, that's too bad!" Long Jim declared. "If you've got to stay around for a tipne though, you can have the tents. We boys can double up anywhere, or bunk on the ground. That's right, ain't it?" he added, turning around to the cowboys.

There was a little grunt of acquies-

come from?"

"I have just crossed the border," he replied.
She nodded understandingly.
"Were they after you?"

"Yes! with a warrant for my arest!"
She patted his hand.
"You are safe now," she whispered.
"We care that much for a United States warrant," and she snapped her alim fingers "You shall stay with us for a time. We will take care of you."

He sighed wearily.

"If you do" " " and where did you the converged to the cowboys.

There was a little grunt of acquiescence. They carried Lenora to the largence. They carried Lenora to the largence of the tents and made her as comfortable as possible. She opened her syes on the way.

"I am so sorry," she faltered. "It's just my side, it—hurts. How did I get sout of the stream?"

"I fished you out," Quest whispered.
"Don't talk now. We are going to make you comfortable."

She pressed his hand and closed her eyes again. The professor returns?

"We'll make the "we'll make

"Always tired," he answered, listless- Quest and the professor exchanged

She made a little grimace.

"But you are so strange," she protesting away: "in a week from today, Craig.

I shall expect you to report at the professor's house." them and the was riddled. cars. They would take you to some of our beautiful cities where all is light to Laura, "I and gayety. You are safe here, whatever your troubles may have been. You say officers of the that you have money, and if you are nyway. I guess lonely," she added, dropping her voice, in."

"you need not go alone."

Vised bluntly. He patted her hand affectionately, but there was something a little forced.

there was something a little forced about the action.

"Child," he said, "it is so hard to make you understand. I might lose myself for a few minutes, it is true, over yonder. Perhaps, even." he added, "you might help me to forget. And then there would be the awakening. That is there would be the awakening. That is sometimes at night.

"I know that, "I know that, "I'll know tha

about the action.

"Child," he said, "it is so hard to make you understand. I might lose myself for a few minutes, it is true, over yonder. Perhaps, even." he added, over younder before would be the awakening. That is always the same. Sometimes at night there would be the awakening. That is always the same. Sometimes at night when my eyes are opened in the morning the weight comes back and sits upon my heart, and the strength seems to pass from my limbs and the will and the grown and laried him. Something in his helplessness had him. Something in his helplessness had hars at its large. The dark man turned and him. Something in his helplessness had hars at its large. The dark man turned and him. Something in his helplessness had hars at its large. The dark man turned and him. Something in his helplessness had hars at its been so terrible for you."

Alaried him. Something in his helplessness had hars at its been so terrible for you."

Alaried him. Something in his helplessness had hars at its been so terrible for you."

Alaried him. Something in his helplessness had hars at its been so terrible for you."

Alaried him. Something in his helplessness had hars at its been so terrible for you."

Alaried him. Something in his helplessness had hars at its been so terrible for you."

Alaried him. Something in his helplessness had him. Something in his helplessness had her word him. Something in his helplessne

with a swood of his long arm he snatched French's gun away, examined it for a moment, looked at French and shood his head.

"You're too fat, inspector," he declared, sorrowfully, "still too fat. That's with a sorrowfully, "still too fat. That's windled the protective spirit in her.

"Has life been so terrible for you?"

"Has life been so terrible you?"

We'll with imm. Smow hobsard the wing sth

entered. Long Jim nodded to Craig in

"It's all right, cookie," he told them.
"Don't you look so scared. This is just a bit of parleyvous business, that's all."
The professor held out a piece of paper. He handed it over to Craig.
"Craig," he announced, "this is a dispatch which I found in Aliguez with my letters. It is addressed to you, but under the circumstances you will scarcely wonder that I opened it. You had better read it.

"Jim, cursing fiercity, drew his gun. At that moment the door of the saloon was thrown open. Jose came reciling in, his serape over his shoulder, a drunken will not his face. He staggered toward them.
"Jose, you beast!" the girl called out, and fell back, fainting.

"There was the sound of a revolver shot and Jose recied backwards and fell with a cry across the sanded floor. Jim thrust, his smoking gun into his better.

nim.
"Are they trying to take you on a warrant?" she whispered. "Remember, you don't need to go unless you want

to."
Craig shook his head.
"This is something quite different."
he explained. "Leave me for a moment,
Marta. I must talk to these people."
She slipped regretfully away from his
side and out into the darkness. He sat
with his eyes fixed upon the cablegram.
Then he turned toward Quest

are these people?"

The professor, with Quest and Long
Jim, suddenly appeared round the corner of the building. They walked toward Craig. He shrang back in his place.

where you can hide, where we could go where you can like quite simply. I'd work for you. Take me away from this, somewhere over the hills. Don't you have a could go to New York. They are cruel, those men. They are hunting you—I can see it in their face."

ward craig. He shrang back in his place.

"If these are your enemies," the girl cried, fiercely, "remember that they cannot touch you here. I'll have the boys out in a minute, if they dare to Craig struggled to his feet. He made no answer. His even were fixed ware for the cocon recover to be compared to the cocon recover to the cocon rec

Craig swung to his feet, furious. Long Jim, cursing fiercely, drew his gun. At that moment the door of the saloon was thrown open. Jose came reeling in, his serape over his shoulder, a drunken

wonder that I opened it. You had better read it.

Craig accepted the cable form and read it through slowly to himself:

"To John Craig, Care Prof. Lord Ashieligh, Yonkers, N. Y.:

Your sister died today. Her daughter, Mary, sails on Tuesday to join you in New York. Please meet her.

"COMPTON, Solicitor, London."

Craig sat for a moment as though stunned. The girl leaned over toward him.

"Are they trying to the sail searcely and Jose recled backwards and fell with a cry across the sanded floor. Jim thrust, his smoking gun into his belt and caught Craig by the arm.

"Say, we'd better get out of this cookie!" he multered.

"Yay, we'd better get out of this cookie!" he multered out. Apparently Jose was unpopular, for everyone seemed only anxious to have them clear away.

"T'll get you into the camp quietly," Long Jim multered. "You'll be safer there for the night. Then you can make the said of th

away.
"I'll get you into the camp quietly,"
Long Jim muttered. "You'll be safer
there for the night. Then you can make
that 8:30 in the morning."

Lenora, with her bed dragged to the opening of the tent, greeted the little party, on their return, eagerly. Quest at once came and sat by her side.

"Where's Laura," he asked, "and the inspector?"

She amiled and sat by the saked of the Department of tice.

Franciscan Monks Hold

Postported December 1 She smiled and pointed to the rising

Quest nodded. "Sorry if I seemed abrupt," he replied. "You've been very good to us, and ! G. BERNARD SHAW'S

Long Jim removed his pipe from his That don't sound none too civil a

His Translator Says That His Attitude Toward Germany Has Aroused Wrath.

Chinese and American Financiers Organize Bank

NEW YORK, June 6.-Chinese and American capitalists have united to form a Chinese-American bank to be capitalized at approximately \$6,000,000,

cannot touch you here. I'll have the boys out in a minute, if they dare to try it."

Craig struggled to his feet. He made no answer. His eyes were fixed upon the professor's. The girl passed her arm through his and dragged him into the saloon. They passed Jose in the doorway. He scoffed at them.

"Bay, the boss will fire you, Marta, if you waste all your time with that Yankee," he muttered.

Marta drew the red rose from the bosom of her dress and placed it in Craig's buttonhole. Then she led him without a word to a seat.

"If these men try any tricks in here."

She said, "there'll be trouble."

Almost at that moment they all three entered. Long Jim nodded to Craig in firendly feshior.

"Craig struggled to his feet. He made over the hills and forget that I had over then litt and forget that I had over the hills and forget that I had over the now on the dever lover every the salound and no one to meet her. And—there are the other things. I have sinned and I must pay the feet other things. I have sinned and I must pay the feet be sold is to be divided between the two coun-tries represented in the founding of the

Army Allowed to Ship Liquor Into Arizona

A State law prohibiting the express companie from accepting shipments of whisky or other alcoholics for delivery in Arizona, cannot be invoked to keep out army supplies, even though they be medical supplies of whisky, under a de-cision by Judge Advocate General cision b Crowder.

When shipments are marked so as to show their Government ownership, the judge advocate general holds that the express companies shall receive them, or a report shall be made to the War De-partment that the matter may be placed in the hands of the Department of Jus-

rest:

She patted his hand.

You are safe now," she whisnered.

We care that much for a United States warrant," and she snapped her alim fingers "You shall stay with us for a time. We will take care of you."

He sighed wearily.

He sighed wearily.

The solves of the surged his hand and closed her for a time. We will take care of you."

He sighed wearily.

The solves the stream of the surged his hand and closed her for a time. We will take care of you."

He sighed wearily.

The corpus Christi procession at the out of sappear that even the ground behind them. In the faint moon disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished them. In the faint moon disappear, while the urned toward Quest.

"Fat seems to be too strong for me," he admitted. "Leave me alone and I work." Lenora remarked, cheer, in the faint moon the shoulder and an answer." Lenora remarked, cheer, in the double strong for me, in the faint moon disappear with his eyes fixed upon the cablegram. Then he turned toward Quest.

"Fat seems to be too strong for me," he admitted. "Leave me alone and I work for a wilk, and mumbled something a little. She smiled and pointed to the rising ground behind them. In the faint moon tight two forms were just visible.

"The corpus Christi procession at the out strong for me," while the light two forms were just visible.

"The corpus Christi procession at the out of the size and out into the darkness. He sat with his eyes fixed upon the cablegram. Then he turned toward Quest.

"The corpus Christi procession at the out of the rising ground behind them. In the faint moon light two forms were just visible.

"The corpus Christi procession at the work freckles have begun to disappear.

"The corpus Christi procession at the out of the rising with the side and out into the darkness. He sat with his eyes fixed upon the cablegram.

The near the procession at the out of the size and out into the darkness. He sat with his eyes fixed upon the cablegram.

The corpus Christi procession at the light two forms were just visible.

"The co

ERNARD SHAW'S WILSON TO IGNORE FISKE'S CRITICISM

Rear Admiral Will Not Be Disciplined for His Speech at Annapolis.

President Wilson and Secretary of the Navy Daniels will not reply to Rear Navy Daniels will not reply to Rear Admiral Fiske.

In the latter's speech at Annapolis Thursday night he again assailed the "unpreparedness" of the navy. His speech was so flagrant a breach of the regulations that officials ever since have been autiting an annapolynement. have been awaiting an announcement that the admiral, who recently retired as aide for personnel, because of fric-tion between himself and the Secretary.

was to be either court-martialed or pub-licly reprimanded by the President. The contrary is the case. It is learned on the highest authority that the Presi-dent has decided not to take any action dent has decided not to take any action. The reason is not that the Administration fears adverse criticism from the country at large. It was accepted that this would come, inasmuch as the rear admiral, in his speech, which was a bitter attack upon the Administration's naval policy, placed his attitude entirely on "patriotic grounds."

But on behalf of the President it was stated that this would not have influenced him if he had believed action was necessary.

enced him if he had believed action was necessary.

However, the Administration takes the position that Adminal Flake represents "beaurocracy" in its most sublime degree. It places that belief on the statements of the admiral before the Navai Affairs Committee at the last session of Congress. At that time the admiral was asked:

"In your opinion, the navy is not in shape to be a defensive weapon for this country?"

"It is not." was his reply.

"It is not," was his reply.
"How long would it take to make it effective?" "rive years, but it would then only be

"rive years, but it would then only be possible to make it effective if the men selected were men whose father and grandfather were in the trade."

This position, in opposition to a civilian head of the navy, impressed the President then and does so today, as indicating such a bias toward hereditary methods as to make it out of the question to call the rear admiral to account for his recent speech.

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine-double strength -is guaranteed to remove these homely

Postponed Procession

Postponed Procession

The Corpus Christi procession at the Pro

Whedon Will Provides \$5,000 for C. S. Church

A bequest of \$5,000 to the First Church of Christ, Scientist, is made in the will of Mrs. Sarah J. Belknap Whedon, offered for probate yesterday.

fered for probate yesterday.

The will, dated June 5, 1914, bequeaths \$1,000 to the Y. M. C. A. of Marbiehead, Mass.; another \$1,000 to the Humane Society of that city.

To her husband, Americus Whedon, Mrs. Whedon bequeathed stocks and bonds valued at several thousand dollars, and her personal effects.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wickersham, a daughter, is left \$11,000 in cash and dlamonds and other jewelry, and Mrs. Kate W. Bonnie, of Louisville, Ky., another daughter, is left \$1,000, as is Robert A. Whedon, a brother-in-law. All the residue of the estate is to be divided among the nieces and nephews of the deceased.

THE BALD SPOT THAT WOULDN'T COME OFF

WAS WAR TO THE FINISH

If you find dandruff on your coat collar it's simply Nature's danger signal of coming baldness. Soon it will be too late, and "the bald spot that won't come off" will make its appearance.

Avoid the use of cocoanut oil or preparations containing alkalis. Soaps and other alkalis foam, so be on your guard, as they tend to dry the scalp. Go to O'Donnell's Drug Store, 904 F Street, and ask for a 50c bottle of Speiser's Scalp Tonic. Use it according to directions and in a reasonable time dandruff, fal!ing hair and scalp irritation will disappear and the natural growth of the hair will be promoted. Mr. O'Donnell is so confident of the merits of this preparation that he offers to return your money if it

fails.-AdvL